The Daughter of the Isles
Cantata
by
Henry Leslie.
The
DAUGHTER OF THE ISLES
A Cantata,
In Honor of the Marriage of
Her Royal Highness The Princess Alice.

Words by Arthur Matthison.

MUSIC BY
HENRY LESLIE.

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THE DAUGHTER OF THE ISLES.

CANTATA.

Words by ARTHUR MATTHISON.

HENRY LESLIE OP. 19.

N° 1. CHORUS. "BRING YE HUGE BRANCHES!"
Bring ye huge branches from oaks of old England, Twine ye fair flowers from her woods and her meads.
Spread the wide folds of her banners of glory.
Build the broad arches and deck the proud steeds.

"Bring ye huge branches from oaks of old England, Twine ye fair flowers from her woods and her meads. Spread the wide folds of her banners of glory. Build the broad arches and deck the proud steeds."
Sing we then joyfully while we enwreathe Garland and coroanal, bloom and spray.

Blithe be our greeting song, loud and wide-sounding. Let the air ring with our
No. 2. Recitative. - The Knight.

Softly thy beams, O morning sun, Up on her casement pour.

Blend me your drowsy breaths, O matin dew! O fresh sweet air! To make pure incense

for my fair one's shrine. Carol ye birds, and ye O blooming flowers In

fragrant whispers call my loved one forth.
THE FAIR SUN OF MY HEART.

No. 3. SERENADE. THE KNIGHT.  

Music by HENRY LESLIE.

Andante cantabile.

The roseate blush of morning The starry lamps hath veiled The

coursers of haughty Phoenix The Eastern hill have scald. Thy
QUASI RECITATIVE.

Night, dark night is round me, Its gloom and sadness mine.

Dawn breaks not in full glory Till she shall deign to shine.

Dawn breaks not in full glory.
cre...seen...do.

beam,...aper and beam up...on me up...on me ap.

cre...seen...do.

...aper and beam up...on me O fair sun of...my heart.

fair sun of my heart. O fair......sun of my heart. O fair sun of my

heart.
WITH SOFTER RADIANCE.

No. 4. RECITATIVE. "THE BRIDE"

Music by HENRY LESLIE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

RECIT.

With
softer radiance glows the sky this morn  The birds sing sweeter

And the fair flowers that cluster round my casement— Than is their wont—a

richer fragrance breathe.  \textit{a tempo andante.}

RECIT.

Hark! on the air melodic accents rise.  Speak to my
heart and say. My love is near. Ah! joy! Ah! joy! They tell me he is here. Ah! joy! .... They tell me he is here. calando.
WAKES THE MORNING.

N° 5. AIR... THE BRIDE.

Music by Henry Leslie.

ANDANTINO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Wakes the morning, From the day spring, Night's dim

sha... dows softly flee, To my window Float sweet numbers, Gentle

he... to me. Gentle he... to me
Let love's message enter in.
Tender accents, To my fond heart, Soon their
sweeping way shall win Friendly casement Open thy portals Let love's
message enter in. Let love's message enter in. Tender
From the haunts where in ye hide, Come sa...lute the Roy...al Bride.
Recit.

Farewell beloved home! Serenely in my heart thy pleasant memories dwell. Thine image ever will rest. And through with yet a brighter ray my future joys. Turn, oh! my soul, in grateful reverence turn, And thank that power benign who doth my life...... with so much happiness.

1972
FOUNT OF LOVE.

No. 9. PRAYER.

Fount of Love I bow to Thee, Hear my fervent hymn of praise.

Still watch o'er me, aye be near me Guard my heart, direct my ways.

Bless my home my dearest cherish, Guide her steps who guided mine.
Keep our souls in sweet communion. Bless preserve her grace divine.

Bless preserve her grace divine. Grace divine. Bless preserve her grace divine.
Let the joy, bells
Let the joy, bells
Let the joy, bells
Let the joy, bells

Bells.

Clang from every turret high.
Clang from every turret high.
Clang from every turret high.
Clang from every turret high.

Peal ye clarions, loud and cheery.
Peal ye clarions, loud and cheery.
Peal ye clarions, loud and cheery.
Peal ye clarions, loud and cheery.

Bells.
Blaze ye red fires to the sky....

Heart and voice we swell the greet...ing To the newly wed...ded pair.

Supreme hear our entreat...ing To thy throne we raise our pray'r

Supreme hear our entreat...ing To thy throne we raise our pray'r

Supreme hear our entreat...ing To thy throne we raise our pray'r...
Hear our entreating. To thy throne we raise our prayer.

Power, power, power.

Power, power, power.